



BURIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE
FOR THE LATE



AWURABENA
KABUKI NDIDI
DODOO

NOVEMBER 1979 - NOVEMBER 2025



ORDER OF SERVICE

OFFICIATING MINISTERS

1. Dr. Michael Boadi Nyamekye (PhD)
2. Rev. Godfred Ontoba
3. Rev. James Aryee
4. Rev. Stephen Twumasi Ankra Bonsu
5. Pastor Michael Ofori
6. Pastor Martin Amediku
7. Pastor Duke

PART I: PRE – SERVICE

1. Reception of Mortal Remains
2. Hymns/reading of Tributes
3. Filling Past

PART II: BURIAL SERVICE

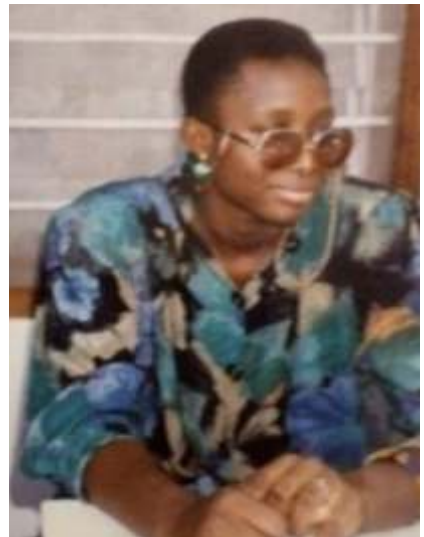
1. Opening Prayer
2. Hymn – Greetings and Welcome
3. **Hymn – MHB 330** Blessed Assurance Jesus is Mine
4. Biography
5. **Hymn – MHB 28** Guide me, oh Great Jehovah
6. Tributes (Father, Siblings, Children, Friends, and AOGA 1997)
7. **Hymn - MHB 98** How Sweet the name of Jesus sounds
8. Scripture Reading
9. Exhortation
10. **Hymn MHB 353** – Captain of Israel's Host and Guide
11. Prayer for the Family
12. Offertory – Choir
13. Announcement
14. Closing Prayers/Benediction
15. Processional Hymn

PART III: GRAVESIDE

1. Procession to the cemetery
2. Opening prayer
3. Opening hymn - Because He Lives
4. Scripture reading
5. Hymn II - When peace like a river
6. Prayer of committal
7. Committal
8. Final prayer
9. Hymn II/Chorus – It is Well – Ebenezer
10. Invitation of family to sprinkle dust symbolically
11. Presentation of Wreaths
12. Vote of thanks - (By a member of the family.)











BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE AWURABENA KABUKI NDIDI DODOO

NOVEMBER 1979 – NOVEMBER 2025

“If we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord, so whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Romans 14:8.”



These institutions played a significant role in nurturing her intellect, confidence, and social development.

Awurabena Kabuki Ndidi Doodoo was born on 13th November 1979 to Albert Sarpong Doodoo and the late Mrs. Augustina Eperechi Nwachukwu-Doodoo, in Lagos, Nigeria. She was the oldest of six children.

Her early years were shaped by the vibrant culture of Lagos, Nigeria, where she spent part of her childhood before relocating to Accra, Ghana, in 1986.

In Ghana, she began her primary school education at Alsyd Academy, building a strong academic foundation. In 1995, Ndidi proceeded to Aburi Girls' Senior High School for her secondary education, where she studied Economics and

Geography. She further pursued higher education at GIMPA Greenhill, where she graduated with a degree in Business Administration. These institutions played a significant role in nurturing her intellect, confidence, and social development.

A driven and visionary individual, Ndidi worked first with Olam and later with Shawbell Consultancy, gaining valuable experience in corporate operations and management. However, Ndidi had this burning passion for baking, which led her to found Q-rious Baker, which she managed alongside her corporate career. After the passing of her beloved mother, she resigned from the

corporate world and fully channeled her creativity and passion into Q-Rious Baker and Q-Rous Eats, a venture that beautifully reflected her talent, innovation, and entrepreneurial spirit.

Faith was an anchor in Ndidi's life. She maintained a devoted spiritual walk and drew strength, guidance, and purpose from God, even until her final breath.

Ndidi possessed a warm and radiant personality. She had an extraordinary ability to connect with people from all walks of life; her openness, friendliness, and genuine love for others shone through in all her interactions.

She leaves behind her three cherished children: Sika, Jason, and Craig.





TRIBUTE TO MY DAUGHTER

Tribute from Father

“The LORD is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit. Psalm 34:18 ”

Ndidi, my dearest daughter, this tribute celebrates you as a remarkable young woman who brought love, joy, and light into the lives of those you touched, both within and outside the Dodoo household.

Ndidi, seven years ago, we lost your mother, and you expertly assumed the role of motherhood of the Dodoo household, and it was well. Apart from your normal household chores and your duties as a mother to your three young children, you managed the commercial catering services that you and your mother had established before she passed away. You became an indispensable, hard-working, sincere, and kind person in the Dodoo's household.

You were a devoted daughter, my personal nurse who monitored my health every morning, a loving friend who always gave me her best opinion on life, and you

became a source of my endless inspiration.

Ndidi, you and I shared many dreams, prepared many plans, including how to improve the fortunes of our household, Ndidi, I had always assumed you were going to supervise my funeral when I pass on from this earth, but the Good Lord knows best.

Ndidi, your departure from this world was so sudden and so unexpected that I sometimes wake up to think your departure is a dream.

Ndidi, I am now aware that you hid the pains you suffered from your illness from me.

Please forgive me, Ndidi, that I never had the chance to hold your hands and say farewell during your dark hours on earth, and for that, I have not known peace since you passed on. I console myself with the knowledge that the Good Lord has called you to rest peacefully in His bosom.

Even though you are no longer physically present in this world, your spirit lives in my heart.

YOU WERE UNSELFISH, NDIDI, AND THE VOID YOU HAVE LEFT BEHIND IN THIS HOUSEHOLD WILL BE DIFFICULT TO FILL

Ndidi, you will forever be remembered, cherished, and loved beyond measure.

My dear Ndidi, my precious, dear daughter, my best friend, and my devoted mother – your light touched so many lives, and your memory will always be carried with love and will always be part of the Dodoo Household.

Till we meet again, rest in perfect peace, Ndidi





SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

Tribute from Uncle Kaga

My dearest Ndidi,

I thank God for the gift of your life and for the privilege of being your godfather. I cherish those early years of your life when our regular New Year's Day birthday open house, in Achimota, ensured that I followed your development into the complete, beautiful, compassionate lady that you became.

Oh, how I adored and loved you!
And treasured every moment together into your brief adult years!

The happiness that radiated out of your mere presence, even through your medical encounters. How you grew your faith with such strength and grace.

Our treasured little chats and shared messages.
I will miss those moments.

But, somewhere over the rainbow,
Beyond pain and fragile days,
I know you have found your eternal resting place.

Ndidi, sleep well in the bosom of the Lord.
I will never forget you.



TRIBUTE BY CHILDREN

Our mum is truly one of a kind. She is our friend and confidant. She is someone we can go to whenever we just want to talk about anything and everything because even if she doesn't care, she would still listen. If you've known her in recent years, you would know how passionate she is about her relationship with God and that has influenced our relationships with God as well. We shared a lot of interests and disagreements that I would forever hold dear to my heart.

The bible says blessed are those who mourn for they will be comforted. Our mum was a woman of God who always served Him diligently and we have full faith in my heart that she is currently in eternal peace beside our Father. Our mum was a kind, caring, loving person who always put us before herself, and we know all the sacrifices she made for us shall not be in vain, her memories shall live on in us and we will do

good with the life and love she has given us. As 2 Corinthians 1:5 says For just as we share abundantly in the sufferings of Christ, so also our comfort abounds through Christ.

To most people, death may seem like a final goodbye. But when you get to know certain people, such as our mum, the memories you have with them are enough to still feel their presence. Although we miss you very much, we know you're with your Father in heaven, resting peacefully. We love you very much!







TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

Michelle

My dear Sister, Nndi,

If there is anything I learnt from the life you lived, it was your unique strength in the midst of your fiercest challenges, and your renewed desire for God, which increased day by day in those moments. I watched this closely, and it changed how I understood endurance.

When I sought to assure you of renewed strength and recovery, I often found consolation in you in the way you spoke and in how you encouraged me to unite my faith with yours in prayer. There were times I needed that more than I admitted.

If I am at peace in the depth of this pain as I mourn you, it is with the conviction that you passed on in the bosom of the Lord. This belief is what steadies me now. The changing scenes of life never tested your confidence in God. Your walk with God reflected that of a resolute Christian who is steadfast in

mind and heart. This will remain with me, and with every life you touched.

I thank you for the lasting memories of our childhood. I miss the New Year's parties, the delicious nigerian, and Ghanaian dishes and your tasty savouries.

Your life was truly defining; first for Christ, and then for others.

Rest well, my sister.



TRIBUTE BY SIBLINGS

Nkechi

“ **Isaiah 57:1**

The righteous perish, and no one takes it to heart;
the devout are taken away, and no one understands
that the righteous are taken away to be spared from evil. ”

My beloved sister, how I miss you.

Growing up, it was always Ndidi and Nkechi. You saw her, you saw me. From primary school all the way through secondary school, we were inseparable. Even moving thousands of miles apart did not break that bond. My sister was my best friend.

To know Ndidi was to know love, kindness, patience, gentleness, and forbearance. In Galatians 5:22, Apostle Paul describes the qualities produced in a person's life by the Holy Spirit as the fruits of the Spirit—and Ndidi embodied them. She had a meekness about her that people often mistook for passivity. Yet when Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount, He said, “Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.” The Greek word for meek (praus) speaks of strength under control—the ability to restrain powerful emotions such as anger. That was Ndidi.

When God was writing my story, He wove into it the blessing of the best sister anyone could wish for. My Father in heaven must have known I would be a bit of a troublemaker, because He gave me a sister who embodied patience. For those who don't know, Ndidi means Patience—and she lived fully up to her name. She had a quiet strength. Very few times did I see her lose her temper. It took a lot.

In primary school, I often found myself in trouble—mostly caused, in one way or another, by me. I always knew where to run: to my big sister. She would protect me. While others boasted of big brothers, I had a big sister who could take down those big brothers.

Ndidi was my confidant, my advisor, and my number one cheerleader. She championed all my ventures. Whenever I took photos, my sister



was the first person I sent them to for feedback. You would say, “Ei madam, the pictures are fine,” when I wanted to reshoot, and you reminded me—gently—that I was my own worst critic.

My sister was also a source of information—everything from royal family news to the latest Twitter drama. I called her my very own Ayawaso West correspondent for the BBC. We could spend hours discussing current affairs and TikTok drama. All it took was one tiny piece of information, and Ndidi would deep-dive. Before I knew it, we had every side of the story and all the players mapped out.

Ndidi was a devoted mother. After our mum passed, she stepped into the role of matriarch with grace. Her presence brought stability, and her care extended far beyond her immediate family. A friend affectionately called her “the charity woman” because she was always willing to take someone in.

She was kind and compassionate, always ready to help. Ndidi went above and beyond for anyone. When I had Sean, I didn't think twice about him living in Ghana—I knew she would care for him as if he were her own. I often thought that if anything ever happened to me, my children would be okay, because Ndidi would make sure of it.

Esme called her “my mum,” and it was fitting. Ndidi was there when I had Esme, and when Esme cried at night, I knew that if I let her cry just a little longer, her mum would come for her. And come for her she did—even with an early morning shift ahead.

When Ndidi fell ill, I wept. I questioned God—why her? Not that I would wish sickness on anyone, but my sister. Yet she faced it with remarkable bravery. I encouraged her to share her story because I knew she would inspire

others. She fought this evil disease with courage, elegance, and—most importantly—faith. Only Ndidi would go for treatment and end up comforting the patient beside her: encouraging them with the Word, sharing helpful information, and lifting their spirits.

This past year, many of our conversations centred on our faith. We excitedly shared Bible verses, sermons, and prayers. You expanded my music catalogue, introducing me to David Dam and Moses Akoh's Volume of the Book. We also spent hours discussing recipes—dissecting them, reformulating them. I remember the month we dedicated to perfecting bomboloni, determined to get that flawless line in the middle.

Life is often measured by its length, yet longevity without impact is like a candle that burns for hours but gives no light. Its presence may be noticed, but its absence is scarcely felt. Jesus lived only 33 years, yet within that short span He reshaped eternity, offering light, hope, and redemption. To this day, we continue to testify to His wonderful works.

Jesus teaches in Matthew 22:37–40 that the greatest commandment is to love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul, and mind, and the second is to love your neighbor as yourself. My sister obeyed that command to her very last breath. She loved the Lord deeply.

She showed kindness, lifted others, encouraged the weary, and offered support without hesitation. She embodied love through action. Love is not merely an emotion—it is a verb. My sister lived that love daily, always putting others before herself.

To know Ndidi was to know **LOVE**.

Sleep well, my sister.

I love you and I miss you so much.

TRIBUTE TO MY SISTER NDIDI

Kwadwo

It is with deep love and profound sorrow that I speak about my elder sister, Ndidi. She was not only my sister, but my protector, my guide, and one of God's greatest gifts in my life.

Ndidi was more than just my sister; she was my protector. Growing up, my siblings and I were very close, and Ndidi always took it upon herself to look out for me. Time and time again, she put herself before me, carrying burdens quietly so that I would not have to. In moments when I faltered, she stood by me—offering loving correction, patient guidance, and constant reminders to stay close to God and grounded in church.

I often reflect on our childhood journey together—how our lives moved from ABC, to Kingsby, and eventually to West Legon. Each place marked a different chapter of our growing years, filled with shared memories, lessons, and quiet moments that shaped us. Wherever life placed us, Ndidi was always a constant presence in my world.

She was deeply kind—the kind of person who gave without keeping score. I remember the many sacrifices she made for me, sacrifices I only truly understand now. Even when life became busy and opportunities to be together were limited, she made every moment count. Her presence was comforting, steady, and reassuring.

Ndidi had a saying she often used: “You are your own.” It became our inside joke, because in truth, she never left me on my own—not once. She was always there when I needed care, guidance, or simply someone to stand beside me.

I know I will miss our morning conversations—those quiet, familiar moments filled with comfort, laughter, and reassurance. They were never rushed, never forced, just my sister and her little brother sharing time together, and they meant more to me than I can fully express.

She had a special love for baking and gardening, finding joy in nurturing both food and life, just as she nurtured the people around her. That same nurturing spirit extended to my daughter, Aurrie, whom she loved and cared for as her own. Aurrie misses her every day, and that absence is deeply felt in our family.

Ndidi's impact on my life, and on the lives of our family, is immeasurable. She gave us love, protection, wisdom, and an enduring example of selflessness that will remain with us forever. Ndidi, I miss you every single day. I will never forget the care, the love, and the advice you gave so freely. You live on in my heart, in my memories, and in the values you instilled in me. I love you so, so much—always.

We take comfort in knowing that my sister loved God and encouraged others to walk closely with Him. Today, we entrust her soul into the loving hands of our Heavenly Father, holding fast to His promise: “The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit” (Psalm 34:18).

May her gentle soul rest in perfect peace, and may God grant our family strength, comfort, and hope until we meet again.
Amen.



TRIBUTE BY

NIECE AND NEPHEW, From Sean

Ma Ndidi wasn't just my aunt, she was a mother to me in every way that mattered. She loved me the same way she loved her own children, Sika, Jason, and Duby, and I never once felt like I was anything less. The way Ma Ndidi showed up for all of us, with consistency and care, is something I'll carry with me for the rest of my life. She was one of the kindest and most patient people I've ever known. I tested that patience plenty of times I misbehaved, I pushed limits, I was stubborn but Ma Ndidi was always slow to anger and quick to understand. She corrected me with love, not harshness, and she taught me more through her calm spirit than through words. Being around her made you feel loved and accepted. As a person, Ma Ndidi had a quiet strength. She loved deeply, listened carefully, and gave without expecting anything in

return. Her presence alone could bring peace into a room. She was the kind of woman who made life feel better just by being there. Toward the end of her life, Ma Ndidi spoke to me about faith. She asked me why I hadn't been focused on my relationship with God and reminded me how important it is to truly walk with Him. That conversation stays with me. Even then, she was still guiding me, still mothering me, still thinking about my future and my soul. That was who Ma Ndidi was always caring, always teaching, always loving. I will forever be grateful for the way Ma Ndidi loved me, for the way she loved her children, and for the example she set for all of us. Her patience, her kindness, her faith, and her heart live on through the lives she touched. She may be gone, but the love she gave will never leave us

From Esme

Ma Ndidi, your passing is something I don't think I will ever truly accept. Even though I was only nine when I first met you, there was no awkwardness or shyness between us. It felt natural—there was an instant bond, as if I had grown up with you by my side all along.

Maybe it was because you were the first person to carry me when I was born. I called you my mum, and my mum my aunty. We shared a love for stationery that no one else seemed to understand.

I miss coming home and hearing your voice on the phone. I miss dancing for you, showing you everything I'd bought. You celebrated me no matter how small the achievement. You were my hype woman, always reminding me of how beautiful I am, always taking a genuine interest in my life and everything I got up to.

You were my second mother, and I will forever cherish every memory I was blessed to share with you. — Esme



TRIBUTE TO Mama Ndidi, my dear Auntie

I haven't stopped crying since Mummy told me you went to be with the angels. I keep thinking about my birthdays and how they won't feel the same without your surprise cakes and beautiful cupcakes. You always made me feel so special. I will think of you every time I blow out my candles

I will miss you so much, but I will keep all our happy memories safe in my heart forever. I love you, Mama Ndidi, and I am sending you a million kisses all the way to heaven.

Love,

Your Little Awurabena.



TRIBUTE BY AUNTIES

My dear sweet and kind hearted niece. It is so difficult to pen down a tribute for you. We still can't believe you are gone.

Ndidi you are such a sweet soul. You literally became a mother when your mom passed on. A role you played beautifully with so much love.

Our joy and only solace is that you knew the Lord.

Keep resting dear. You are loved and can never be forgotten.



TRIBUTE BY

Aunty Emelia

Ndididi was like a daughter to me, and I had the privilege of watching her blossom into the lovely lady she became, embodying the essence of her name – Awuraabena. Our bond was forged in the warmth of our shared kitchen, where we dedicated ourselves to the art of cooking and baking.

Together, we faced the challenges of managing our household and continuing the catering contracts we once enjoyed with her mother. Despite difficulties, Ndididi's resourcefulness shone brightly as she organized a team to ensure we delivered every order on time, exceeding expectations. Her passion for culinary arts became our shared language, connecting us deeply.

Ndididi's love for cooking and baking was woven into her very being. I cherished the moments we spent exchanging recipes and culinary wisdom. Her eyes would light up with excitement at the prospect of creating something new, and I admired her tenacity as she explored diverse flavors and techniques.

When a dish turned out perfectly, she would present it to me, eager for my feedback. Those moments were filled with laughter and joy, a testament to our bond. Ndididi, who will now bring me the latest modern recipes to taste? Your absence leaves a void that cannot be filled, and I long for our delightful culinary adventures.

Even when illness tried to cast a shadow over her spirit, Ndididi refused to be held back. Her resilience was awe-inspiring, and I will always remember how you surprised me on my 70th birthday by organizing a lovely gathering—that was so touching.

As we come together to remember Ndididi, let us celebrate the joy she brought to our lives and the countless memories we shared. As the scripture reminds us, “For to me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” Indeed, your passing is a gain, for heaven has welcomed an angel.

Rest in peace, dear Ndididi. You will always be loved and missed.

TRIBUTE BY UNCLE MIKE

Ndis Ndis Ndis!

That was how I used to call Ndidi, my dearest Niece-in-law.

Today, we gather with heavy hearts not just to mourn but also celebrate the life of a wonderful, remarkable lady.

I met Ndis during a visit to their former residence at Achimota near Kingsby roundabout in the early year of 2002.

Her radiant smiles and soft spoken voice got my attention.

I was always treated with honour by Ndis, her siblings and parents whenever I visited their aunty.

Ndis was a very lovable person and equally sociable. Selfless, accommodative, compassionate and very caring, always and ever ready to render services to anyone who requested the same of her.

I am still in a dilemma, wondering if I am dreaming or not. I keep asking, is my Ndis really gone, gone with the wind?

During festive seasons or family celebrations at their home, Ndis takes care of everything and everyone. She cooks sumptuous meals,

bakes mouth watering pastries for all. She sets the table, and all the families gather to eat and enjoy her delicious meals amidst gist and laughable jokes. She indeed gave us positive vibes and lots of it.

Ndis, We will miss you. Your memories would always be in our hearts and be cherished.

It's still January, but no birthday cake for your niece this time round, cos death has laid its icy hands on you. Our lives without your presence will never be the same again. You'll be sorely missed, my Ndis.

Ndis has left us in confusion and perplexity. Though we mourn your passing, we'll prefer to celebrate your life - the love you shared, the memories you created, and the legacy of kindness you left us with.

Your spirit will continue to live on, in the many lives you touched and the love that binds our families.

Rest well, Ndis.

The good Lord continue to keep your gentle soul.

Till we meet again in the Lord, Sleep in perfect peace, my Ndis.

Due Due



TRIBUTE FROM COUSIN, Chichi

Ndidi

You left this world far too soon, and the ache of your absence still feels unreal. You were kind, uncontroversial, and sweet in a way that made people feel at ease around you. You had a fun-loving spirit and a warmth that drew people in without trying. You were truly an it girl; graceful, stylish, and confident. You carried yourself with ease, and your presence alone brought color and joy into the spaces you occupied. Life and time created distance, as they sometimes do, and we lost touch for a while. That will always be a

quiet sadness that I will carry. But I am deeply grateful beyond words that we found our way back to each other in the last year of your life. That reconnection was a gift I will always cherish.

I will always remember you for your gentle heart, your easy laughter, and the light you shared so freely. Though your time here was brief, the love you left behind is lasting. Rest peacefully, dear cousin.

You are remembered. You are missed. You are loved.

TRIBUTE FROM COUSIN, Ebere

Dear Ms Dodoo,

With you gone, I feel a loneliness that
I fear cannot be filled

The loss of your voice has left a void and the house which once felt like a home has lost its joy.

I miss everything from your smile to your voice to our reel sharing, to all the numerous ideas we never got to execute

You always had a smile, Never kept a grudge, too selfless, over kind, the very type that people tend to take advantage of...

And even though my whys might never be answered, thank you. For being my sister, my cousin and my mother-figure...you were all these in the truest sense of every word.

I hope you're looking down at us, laughing because you're with El-Roi.

TRIBUTE FROM COUSIN, Naki

It is with a heavy and broken heart that I remember my dear cousin. Saying goodbye to you is one of the hardest things I have ever faced.

You were a loving, kind, and beautiful soul. Your presence brought comfort, joy, and peace to those around you. The memories we shared will always be close to my heart and forever cherished.

Although you are no longer with us, your love lives on in our hearts. Your life, though short, made a lasting impact on everyone who knew you.

Rest in perfect peace, my dear cousin. You will always be loved, remembered, and missed.



TRIBUTE TO A

Good-Natured Human Being:

My Beloved Ndidi Abena Dodoo

By Kwadwo Boateng Genfi

Sweet Ndidi, as I affectionately used to call her, was a shining star in the lives of her family, friends, and many others. She can only be described with no other words than a good human being.

Ndidi, to me, the world is a dimmer place without you. Your selflessness, kindness, compassion, and generosity touched so many hearts, leaving an indelible mark on the lives of many. I'll always remember your peaceful nature, your beautiful smile, and your infectious laughter that could light up a room, bringing joy to all who were associated with you.

As a partner, you were my confidante, my best friend, and a source of strength. Your unwavering support and encouragement helped me navigate life's challenges, and I'm forever grateful for the time we shared.

Your love and dedication to your family, especially to our sweet daughter Sika, were the foundation on which you built trust.

Though our romantic journey didn't last too long, the memories we shared will remain etched in my heart forever. Your love, care, and affection for me and my family were gifts I'll always treasure.

Your benevolence, generosity, and love for others have set a standard for other women to follow, and I'll strive to live up to the example you set.

Rest in peace, my dear Ndidi. May your legacy live on through the countless lives you touched, and may your memory be a blessing to us all. I'll appreciate you more than words can say, and I'll always be grateful for the time we shared.

Fare thee well, my dear. You have run a good race, and God will bless you abundantly. Till we meet again, may you rest comfortably in the bosom of the Lord, surrounded by His love and peace.

Damirifa due, Ndidi Abena Dodoo. May your soul find eternal peace.”

TRIBUTE TO MY FRIEND AND SISTER,

Abena Ndidi Dodoo by Beryl

In 1999, when I was introduced to you and Debbie as part of the marketing team, little did I know that moment would mark the beginning of a friendship that would last until the very end of your days on this earth.

“Ndidi... Ndidi... Abena Dodoo,” I would call whenever I had something important to say. And you would answer, “Agyeiwaa, talk la...”
Abena, Ndidi, are you listening? Can you hear me now.

I won't share all our stories—they are sacred, and I choose to keep them alive within me, where time cannot touch you.

We were the three musketeers—you, Debbie, and me—moving through Lebanese and Indian factories around the North Industrial Area and beyond. With no formal marketing education but full of confidence, boldness, and trust in each other, we sailed through our twenties seeking sponsorships and building memories. When Debbie left for the USA, it became the two of us, with others joining occasionally, but our bond remained unshaken.

Our weekends began on Wednesdays—planning events, outfits, and where to start our Fridays and Saturdays, then Sundays to church to seek forgiveness... before heading right back out again. From Boomerang nightclub at 5 a.m. straight to Victory Bible Church by 9 a.m., sleeping through most of the service and quietly praying Prophet Elijah wouldn't call us to prophesy.

You were my friend and my sister. So close that my dad once asked if you were my only female friend—and whether we were just friends. You helped me with house chores so we could leave without complaints, and we shared yearly birthday parties with matching outfits, often correcting dressmakers who got it wrong.

Our friendship was tested by disagreements and long silences, but we always found our way back—speaking our truths, healing hurts, and choosing each other again. We grew, laughed, fought, and changed, yet our bond endured.

You were my filla partner, outing partner, and social media informant. You encouraged me, corrected me, stood by me in my lowest moments, and shared my highest joys. Your advice before my marriage still echoes: “Agyeiwaa, behave yourself oooo.”

When you told me you were sick, everything changed. Our conversations deepened—faith, gratitude, our children, prayer. Even in your weakest moments, your faith in God never wavered. You fought bravely, standing firm in faith until the very end.

You were more than a friend. You were family—a constant voice, a presence I could always count on. Your laughter, honesty, and spirit live on in my memories and in the silence where your voice once was.

Ndidi, thank you for the years, the love, and the friendship. Thank you for walking this journey with me for as long as you did.

Though you are no longer here in body, you remain with me in heart—always.

Rest well, my dear friend and sister.

My filla partner, my social media informant.

You are loved.
You are missed.
And you are forever mine to remember.



TRIBUTE FROM FRIEND, Baawah

Finding the right words to express my feelings has not been easy, but I have had to accept the painful truth that you are no longer with us. Nnidi was part of my life for over 20 years, and our friendship grew deeper and stronger with time.

I vividly remember the day she broke the news of her cancer diagnosis to Edith and me. Fear immediately gripped me, and I screamed in shock, only for her to calm me and remind me that the doctor said there was hope if she went through chemotherapy. We prayed with her, yet my fears lingered. From that moment, I decided to give her my time and attention like never before.

We spoke often, especially whenever she went for treatment. I was overjoyed when the doctor announced that the tumour had shrunk and that she was free from cancer. We even had a small gathering at her place to celebrate the good news. There is so much more I could say, but the memories are simply too overwhelming for me to bear.

Abena, as I affectionately called you, I struggle to hold back my tears. If I had known that standing by your side that day would be the last, I would have held you tighter and kissed your forehead a thousand times before letting go.

My gist partner, my social media information minister, my konkonsa friend. Baawah, as you always called

me, will continue to miss you terribly. I knew your struggles and the pain you endured, and for that reason, I find comfort in believing that you are now in a better place.

I pray that God will help me sustain the bond we shared by continuing our friendship with your children and stepping in wherever I can. May God keep you until we meet again.

Due Abena! Damir&fa Due Medo.
I love you always.

CHICA ©



TRIBUTE FROM FRIEND, Edith

Tribute to My Best Friend

Friends come and go, but some come into your life and never leave your heart. You were that person for me. My friend, my safe place, my confidant, my kokonsa partner.

Ndis, I was preparing a speech for your 46th birthday, and not to write your tribute oh. Hmm, His way are not our ways ampa. (Isaiah 55:8-9).

We met at Olam Ghana Limited in our early twenties, when life was just beginning and dreams felt endless. What started as workmates, quickly turned into friendship, and before we knew it, we had built a bond that would carry us through many seasons of life.

In 2005, we left Ghana together in search of greener pastures in London, taking that brave step side by side.

You later made the hard but selfless decision to return home to continue your education and to take care of your family. That was who you were, someone who always put purpose and people first.

When you joined Shawbell Consulting Limited, you reached out and said, "Eddie, please if London is not working for you, come back to Ghana and I will help you to secure a job".

You didn't just open the door for yourself, but held it open for me too, making sure we work together again. I will always be grateful for that.

When I returned to Ghana, you encouraged me to continue with my education and you were there for me throughout the course. You were my go-to person for presentations and proofreading. My cheerleader, you believed in me even when I am unsure of myself.

You built my confidence in ways you may never have realised.

Even when you were unwell last year, you still thought about everyone.

You asked, "Eddie, how do I help ease your pressure of balancing work, school, and family"? That was you, always thinking of others, even when you were hurting.

You understood me without explanations, supported me without hesitation, and celebrated my successes as if they were yours.

Life feels different without you, and my heart aches, but I am deeply thankful for the memories we shared. I know you already know the pages I didn't have the strength to write.

Ndis, Awurabena, my beautiful tree, sleep well, knowing you are forever in my heart. Love you



TRIBUTE FROM LL (Living Legends)

My Beloved Ndidi Abena Dodoo

In Loving Memory of Ndidi Awurabena Dodoo

Ndidi Awurabena Dodoo, this was definitely not the outcome we were praying for. We loved your optimism and faith! Oh Ndidi, you have broken our hearts. This is not what we planned and prayed for. Even when the path was difficult, you still had faith. We find solace in the Lord: Matthew 5:4 (“Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted”). In the midst of all you were facing, you never wavered.

There's a heavy cloud over the group. Getting kicked out of the book club bonded us, and we're grateful we got to know you better! It's difficult to even understand how you got lumped in with us, since you were the voice of reason who persuaded sister girl to retrieve the books from the dumpster. You were collateral damage, but looking back, it gave us the opportunity to bond even more.

We bonded over life, kids, relationships, and so much more. We also had a lot of fun! Brunch dates, dinner dates, trying new restaurants—the epic Grown & Sexy annual event! We will miss your yummy food: cakes, meat pies, jollof, that seafood boil!!!! Our very own.

Sta'Abena (in Nana Akua's voice)! Washer gyal! Solange's cousin. You would break down all the Naija gist on social media for us. Your sweet and soft voice keeps resonating in our minds. With you, there was always laughter, loud and long.

Your absence is deeply felt. Your spirit lives on, and we will forever cherish the memories we shared. We LOVE you. Forever a LL—a great mother, sister, daughter, and friend!

Rest peacefully in the Lord !!







TRIBUTE FROM Deborah Dawui

Ndidi, my dear friend. When I think of you, my heart fills with beautiful memories: your smile, your laughter, and the way your presence made everything feel lighter. You loved deeply and gave so freely, and that kindness will never be

forgotten. You are gone far too soon, like the pure-hearted souls who leave this world too early. You will always live in my heart, my beautiful, kind-hearted girlfriend. May your soul rest in perfect peace.



TRIBUTE TO NDIDI ABENA DODOO BY THE 1997 YEAR GROUP OF ABURI GIRLS SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

*Through the love of God our Saviour all will be well.
Free and changeless is his favour, all, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us, perfect is the grace
that sealed us, strong the hand stretched forth to shield us all must be well.
Though we pass through tribulation, all will be well,
Ours is such a full salvation, all, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding, fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
holy, through the Spirit's guiding
all must be well. (Mary Peters 1813 - 1856)*

We are here today to honour the memory of our dear friend and sister Ndidi Abena Dadoo, who was called to rest on 6th November, 2025. Ndidi was part of the young promising girls admitted to Aburi Girls Senior High School (ABUGISS) on 31st January, 1995 to pursue various courses of studies. She was a Kilsyth Girl and General Arts.

Our sisterhood began within the walls of Abugiss from 1995 to 1997, creating bonds filled with laughter, support, and countless memories. Ndidi embraced school life with enthusiasm—whether participating in entertainment activities, sports or singing

days. Her infectious smile coupled with her unique height made her stand out among a crowd. Her calm nature, gentle spirit, and love for hymns were palpable to all who knew her.

Ndidi, we describe today as a divine orchestration, being exactly thirty-one (31) years after being admitted as young girls into Abugiss. It is certainly not a coincidence that we meet again around the same period to bid you farewell. This is truly heart-racking. Such a young, bright, and bubbly lady, our cheerleader. Who would have thought that you would leave so soon? It's not been long since you helped us lay Daphne Bampoe to rest, ensuring everything went smoothly. You

were so **STRONG** among us. How can you just leave like that?

Oh Abena! You've smashed our hearts into bits. Words fail us! Indeed, no amount of words can explain how we feel. We are still struggling to come to terms with losing Fremponmaa, our dear sister! Here we are, thinking life has just begun and BOOM, you take a bow without any notice. Yet while we mourn this profound loss, we take comfort in knowing that you are now at rest with the Lord, where there is no more death, sorrow, nor pain—having lived a life guided by faith and love.

Ndidi, you exemplified the values our alma mater instilled in us: faith, service, resilience, perseverance, and compassion. Your sisters whom you've left behind will continue to

uphold these values, to ensure the city set on the hill is never hidden.

Send our kisses to our fellow sisters who have taken the lead and gone on ahead. Tell them we miss them. Let them know it's never been the same since they left.

Rest well, Beacon.

Go on, let your light shine even in death. After all, that's what you do best.

Till we meet again at the resurrection.

Onua, Adanfo pa, Odofo pa
Nantew yie

Rest well BEACON.

BEPOW SO HANN!



TRIBUTE BY GOD FATHER

“There are friends, there is family and there are friends that become family.....”

Abena this is not how I expected the story to play out. November 6 will always be heavy in my heart. I've sat behind this desk staring at the blank paper not knowing how to start or what to say.

Ndidi, heaven knows you gave everyone your love through your smile and that bubbling personality. I, like all our other classmates from Alsyd grew up with you and continued that bond of friendship over the past thirty (30) plus years. From sitting next to you in class and connecting all through secondary school and this journey called life.

Abena, I've occasionally picked my phone to message you or call you. To catch up and get the latest gist. Or your calls to just vent and

we end up laughing over something completely not related to why you even called. I've reread every WhatsApp message and listened to all the voice notes, I still feel you are around, and this is still not real to me.

Heaven got an angel by taking away one from us. Like I always tell you. I got you!!!! And know that your memories live on in all of us. Your heart and all you hold dear to it will be cherished.

Sleep well my friend. And as you told me last time I saw you: YOU ARE MY PERSON. Abena till we meet again!!!!

Selom
Alsyd Class of '94





TRIBUTE BY SHAWBELL CONSULTING LIMITED

“ In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed:
1 Corinthians 15:52 ”

Today, we remember and honour the life of a truly remarkable former member of our firm's team, Ndidi Dodoo. There are some people whose light shines so brightly, it illuminates every room with their presence. Ndidi was that kind of person. She was a strong, confident and reliable employee whose dedication and leadership have left a lasting mark on our firm.

Outside of her role as an Administrative Manager, Ndidi's bubbly personality touched both our clients and staff alike. We shall forever remember and cherish with fondness, her infectious laughter and enthusiasm with which she approached her daily life.

Although she parted with the firm shortly after the untimely demise of her dear mother, we remained in touch and were pleased to see her at the firm's end-of-year party in December 2024. Losing her has left a void that is deeply felt, but we are grateful for the time we shared and the lasting impression she has made on us.

Dear Ndidi, we will miss you. Till we meet again, when the last trumpet shall truly sound, sleep well and rest peacefully in the bosom of our Lord.

from Directors, CEO and staff of
ShawbellConsulting.

A TRIBUTE BY

THE EMPLOYEES OF QRIOUS EATS

We, the employees, wish to express our deepest gratitude and heartfelt appreciation to our departed Madam, a woman of remarkable kindness, wisdom, and compassion.

Throughout her leadership, she treated every worker not merely as an employee, but as a valued human being. Her guidance was always marked by patience, fairness, and understanding. She led with grace, and her actions reflected a sincere concern for the well-being and growth of all who worked under her care.

Our Madam, popularly known to us as Mama Ndidi, created an environment where respect, dignity, and unity thrived. She was down-to-earth, listened to our voices, encouraged our efforts, and supported us not only in our

duties but also in our personal challenges. Her spirit of generosity and genuine love for her workers left a lasting impact on our lives.

We are grateful for the opportunities she provided, the lessons she taught through her examples, and the kindness she showed in both small and great moments. Her legacy is one of humanity, leadership, and selfless service.

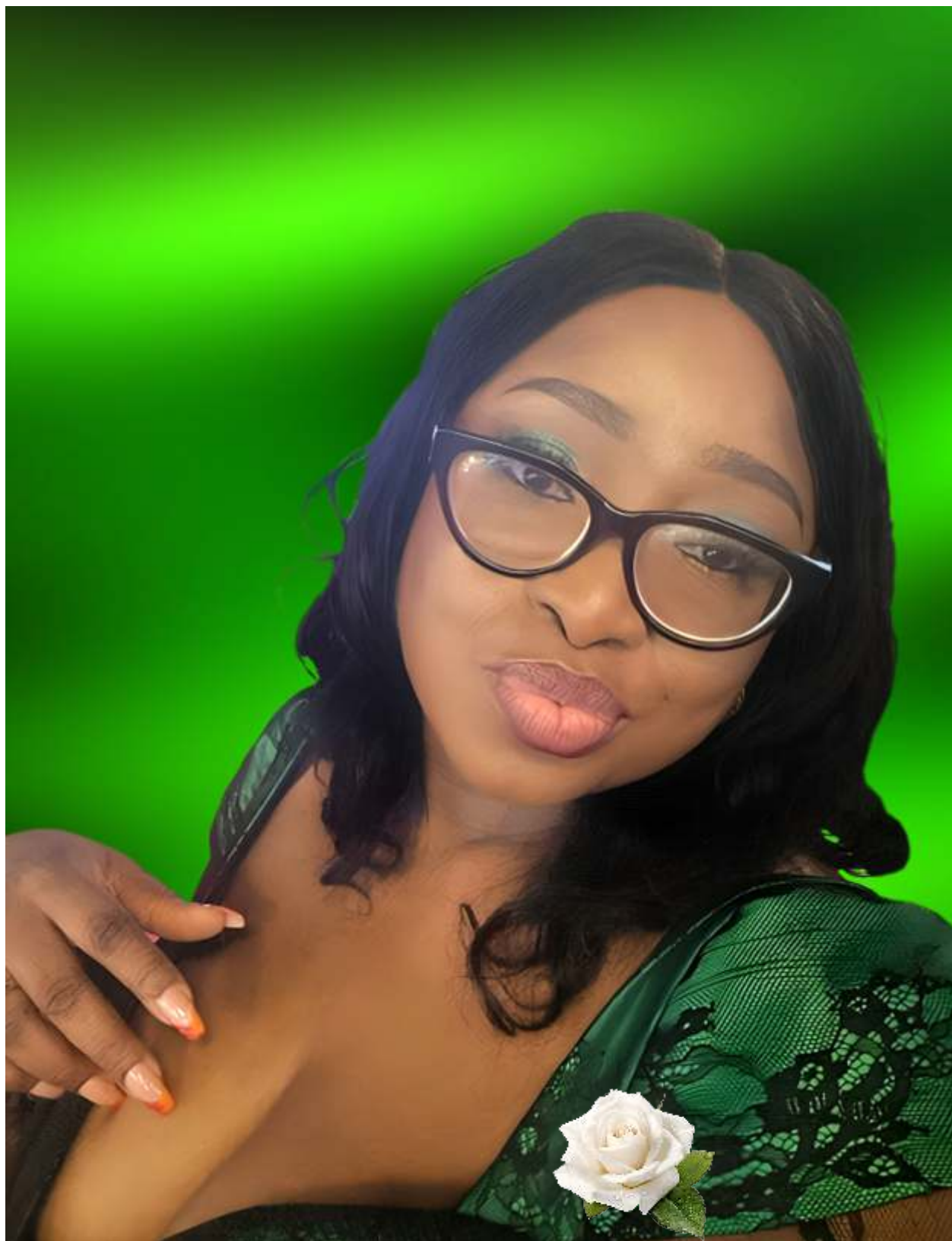
It is with profound respect and appreciation that we honor our Madam. Her memory and influence will remain forever in our hearts.

It is so sad to see that today we part ways with you, till we meet again in eternity, we say Mama Ndidi Da Yie









HYMNS

Hymn – MHB 330:
Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight;
Angels descending bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

Perfect submission, all is at rest, I
in my Saviour am happy and blest;
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Hymn – MHB 28:
Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land; I
am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, I will ever give to Thee.

Hymn – MHB 98:
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear! It soothes his sorrows,
heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother,
Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way,
my End, Accept the praise I bring.



**Hymn – MHB 353:
Captain of Israel's Host
and Guide**

Captain of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide, The
cloud of Thy protecting love; Our
strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy
word; Our end, the glory of the
Lord.

HYMNS AT THE GRAVE SIDE

BECAUSE HE LIVES

Because He Lives
I can face tomorrow!
Because He lives
All fear is gone
And now I know
He holds the future
And life is worth the living
Just because He lives.
God sent His Son
They called Him Jesus;
He came to love, heal and forgive,
He lived and died to buy my
pardon,
An empty grave is there to
prove my Savior lives.

**HYMN II
WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER**

When peace like a river
Attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot
Thou has taught me to say,
“It is well, it is well, with my soul.”
It is well (echo)
With my soul,(echo)
It is well, it is well with my soul.

HYMN II/CHORUS

~ It is Well
~ Ebenezer

**CLOSING HYMN III & SONG
FOREVER OH LORD**

Forever, Oh Lord
Forever, Oh Lord
Thy Word is settled
It's settled in heaven.







Appreciation

The Children and the entire family of the late

**AWURABENA KABUKI
NDIDI DODOO**

would like to thank you for your presence,
prayers, love, and generosity shown to us
throughout these difficult time.

God richly bless you all.

SCAN FOR BROCHURE



Designed & Packaged

☎ Tel: 0302 231484, 0208117691

✉ Email: uniquexpressionsltd@gmail.com

📍 Location: 54 Odonko Street, Accra New Town

📍 Digital Address: GA-068-7789